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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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FOREVER ON

I would not look at Life's high
aim aslant!
Life is for Growth! It is a
mountain plant,
Its roots descending, but its
leaves upspread;
A shoot divine, whose seeds,
when we are dead,
Should spring immortally in
other life,
Potent in tendencies to nobler
strife,
Showing the soul's high lure,
till Time be gone,
To Be, to Do, and so forever on.

—JAMES H. WEST.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
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1891 **Tower Hill** 1898

Summer Homes and Summer School

TOWER HILL is a resort without "resorters." It is a place where there is nothing to be seen but scenery —restful and varied. Nobody to entertain you unless you can entertain yourself. Nothing to hear sweeter than the song of the whip-poor-will. Nothing to eat but plain food. Country milk and vegetables from the company's garden. Nothing to drink but the purest water, drawn from the Potsdam sandstone, distributed through an efficient system of waterworks, chilled when desired by pure ice from the company's ice-house. Nothing to wear but plain dresses, to be changed only when dirty, unless you want to be out of the fashion.

Tower Hill's Great Charm

Lies in its inconveniences. It is three miles from a stick of gum or a cigar—the nearest railroad station. It is two hundred miles from Chicago; affords an absolute change of soil and scenery. Open from the first of July to the thirteenth of September. It is situated on the Wisconsin river in the bluff country, on the historic site of the now lost village of Helena, where the Wisconsin shot tower was established in 1832.

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The property is owned and controlled by the Tower Hill Pleasure Company. The improvements consist of barns, ice-house, dining-room, pavilion for public meetings (furnished with piano and organ), long houses, private cottages, etc.

The Tower Hill Summer School

Ninth Season

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR

This is held at this place for two weeks each year in August. The programme for 1898 will offer a course of five lectures on Sociological Fiction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, viz.: Aurora Leigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Felix Holt, George Eliot; Marcella and Sir George Tressady, Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, and "Altruria," by W. D. Howells.

Studies in English Poetry every forenoon under the leadership of Mr. Jones (list to be announced later). Course of Lectures on Forestry in the afternoons. Elective studies in Geology, Ornithology, etc. There will be a Farmer's Day, Young People's Sunday and Annual Grove Meeting.

The management undertakes to create an atmosphere that is free, non-sectarian, earnest but restful, seeking that intellectual life that recreates and fits for work.

> "I am not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school. There is so much going on that you cannot know of everything, and you only know of things by seeing them. Hundreds of others have heard of this school up here, but one has to come to see it to know what it means. It is now well started, well laid out, well planned, and years of growth are before it."
>
> REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D., in his closing address before the School of '97.

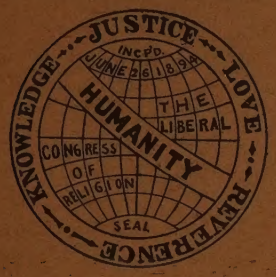
The New Unity Tower Hill Fresh Air Fund

For the third time the Tower Hill Company offers to give two weeks outing, including fare from Chicago and board at Tower Hill, and other necessary expenses to any city bound, invalid or over-worked women or children, when properly accompanied, for twelve dollars each. Contributions for the same should be made to the editor of the NEW UNITY, and will be duly credited in the columns of the same.

For further particulars concerning summer board and rent of rooms, apply to MRS. M. H. LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago; for shares in the Company, including privileges of building sites, address MRS. A. L. KELLY, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago; concerning the Summer School or general interests address the President of the Company and Conductor of the School, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1898. NUMBER 17



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

In the destiny of every moral being there is an object more worthy of God than happiness. It is character. And the grand aim of man's creation is the development of a grand character; and grand character is, by its very nature, the product of probationary discipline.

AUSTIN PHELPS.

There is to be an International Temperance Congress held at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, New York, to which there is an invitation for delegates, not only from temperance organizations so-called, but from "all churches that oppose the liquor traffic and the drink habit." Is it possible that there is a church in the United States that is not opposed to the liquor traffic and the drink habit?

Sufficient attention cannot be paid to Congress just now to keep in sight the claim bills, and pension bills, and other steals that are going on; no matter how much the country may be in need of honesty and honor. Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, made some sensational disclosures the other day, which were followed immediately by the passage of an Omnibus Claim Bill, carrying nine millions; and then forty private pension bills; and other matters that need the examination of honest citizens.

A really great man can never be understood by other men. Perhaps it is a test of greatness that a man is described in entirely different language by different historians, and not unfrequently in directly opposing terms. The true definition of a historian is his ability to look at both sides of a question, or person; or perhaps his inability not to do so. What we need to breed now is a race of historians of this sort. Perhaps in our common life no habit should be cultivated more faithfully than that of looking on both sides. It will avoid much misunderstanding.

A recent sermon preached by Minot J. Savage on "Reconciled to a Common Life," is one of the sort of sermons that ought to be read by everybody. It teaches the very kernel lesson of a better national life, and a better family life, and a better individual life. The doctrine is that a very common life, if filled with honesty, purity, and manhood; with an effort to grow the beautiful within one's self, and about one's self, is the true ambition of a human being. And here follows another truth, that all of us, whether we like it or not, are doomed to lead mediocre or commonplace lives. If a man has a just appreciation of manhood and charity, he will himself be appreciated, however simple and plain may be his work. The false ambition which is placed before our school children, from a constant exaltation of distinguished men, is all wrong.

We are closing up the century in a way not altogether unworthy of it. There is hope ahead. But we are carrying with us the foul crime and shame of intemperance. As a nation we have allowed the use of intoxicating drinks to increase since the glorious reformation accomplished by Lyman Beecher and his friends. It is to be hoped that the struggle that is destined to stand on the threshold of the next century, is a wrestle to the death with the accursed saloon. Traffic in the bodies of negroes was a slight crime, compared with traffic in the souls of human beings, black or white. The liquor power is today the dominant power in American politics. We have got to rise up as men, and put it underfoot. The political situation in Pennsylvania encourages us to believe that the people are getting emancipated somewhat from the power of parties. Although Mr. Wanamaker cannot beat Spoilsman Quay in convention, it is not improbable that the fighting parson, Doctor Swallow, will get such a vote as will show that the people after all are not slaves.

Pursuit is not only the destiny but it is the zest of life. The surveyed territory, the conquered fact, the reached solution cease to interest. The charm is on the horizon line, the joy is in the unattained. This is the subtle pledge of an endless life to the soul of man. We are pilgrims by divine ordination. When you have closed the book, know all you want to know, are satisfied with present knowledge and mutter sleepily, "Do not disturb me. I do not choose to go further," then pray the

Lord of Life to deliver you from the burden of a living death. It is time you are out of the world. When you are dead you had better be buried. On the other hand, while the arteries carry a single interrogation point to the brain, while the valves of the heart pump a single desire not yet satisfied, while the windows of the mind open towards an unexplored field, while the hands ache for the privilege of putting a brick into a wall, of pruning a dead limb off of a tree, of watering a withered blade of grass anywhere, of straightening a deflected gate post, of putting to rights a misplaced ribbon, while your conscience whispers however feebly, there is a duty undone, there is a holy "I ought" unrealized, it is not your time to die, it is worth your while to live and the world cannot afford to lose you and you cannot afford to give the world up.

Asceticism is not lovely to our thinking, but there is a beauty that streams through all the distortions of monasticism which blurs and dims the gayest festivities in the revelers' hall. Because asceticism in all its forms is man's effort to bring his will into conformity with the divine; it is the finite's attempt to adjust himself into infinite order. Simon Stilites rotting on his pillar was more conversant with the thoughts of God than the luxurious popes Sixtus IV or Innocent VIII who wore the garb of religion that they might the more indulge in the lust of power and the lust of the flesh. Puritan theology is a thing largely outgrown, but there is an ever-growing reverence for that pilgrim stock because, as Lowell says, it was "pithed with hardihood." Duty and not comfort was the countersign which they offered at the mystic gate and history shows that the divine gate opened before them. This is why they sang high hymns, thought great thoughts, did sublime deeds; and in their line came Garrison, Sumner, Longfellow, Emerson. Their history proves at least that

"It were better
To strive through acts uncouth
Towards making, than repose
On aught found made."

Reading the story of the Puritans we too are led to exclaim in the further words of Browning:

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!"

Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

A searching and perhaps one of the most practical ways to determine between things temporal and things eternal, the human and the divine, is to try to distinguish between the things which we like to do and the things which we ought to do. Man prays for a cushioned universe. God has left it gnarled and rocky. Man would fain have an easy transit through the world over grassy lawns and paved streets. God has often surveyed his pathway over bogs, through briars and up precipices. The divine way is hidden to him that chooses easy pleasure to hard duties. The dominant maxim in trade and society still is "take care of yourself; look out for number one." God's reply to the same is, as the sad sequel will show, "Very well, persist in that maxim, and soon your 'number one' will not be worth caring for. It will dwindle. It will starve." Youth in its recklessness and selfishness prays the prayer of young Augustine, "O God, make me chaste and temperate but not just yet." He craved a little more indulgence and then sanctity and godliness. This is a very popular prayer, but it is the prayer of rebellion that leads to blindness and misery. By it are the connections between God and man broken, and the stream of life is obstructed.

Two More Anniversaries.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

The annual pilgrimage to Antioch has for the last fifteen years been to the editor of THE NEW UNITY a mingled season of depression and inspiration. No educational institution in America has a more prophetic story than Antioch. Here Horace Mann came in the zenith of his power and his great heart flamed through a period of eight years in the interest of his ideals. Here for the first time in the history of the world was the bold venture undertaken of establishing an institution of higher learning where the discriminations of sect, sex and race were to be of no value. It was an ideal worthy the greatest prophet of education the United States has ever known. It was an ideal worthy the democracy dreamed of in the Declaration of Independence in the minds of the Adamses and of Jefferson. Back of him was the tide of prophecy, the rising interest in science, the growing freedom of thought, surely a backing that would seem to be adequate, but in front of him were stumps and malaria, the crudeness and bigotry that still survived under the most promising pretensions, and Horace Mann fell at his post. He was at the front facing the enemy. For a while the momentum established by the great soul kept the pioneer college moving. Dr. Hill, Dr. Hosmer and their worthy associates and successors did all that could be done to keep the banner flying. The American Unitarian Association, under the valorous lead of Dr. Henry W. Bellows and Edward Everett Hale, reinforced the forlorn hope with a round one hundred thousand dollar endowment, but still Antioch did not thrive. The peace declared between the Christian and Unitarian denominations proved at best but an armed neutrality in which one party was resolved not to shoot if the other did not begin the battle. Doubtless this together with the long armed management incident to a board of trustees widely scattered and which could never get together

except in Anniversary week, had much to do with the outward disappointment of Antioch, but a closer study of the problem reveals a much profounder and more inspiring cause for the slow progress made by the Antioch College at Yellow Springs. The real Antioch promptly slipped the fetters of the little Ohio town. It took possession of great hearts in great communities backed by great commonwealths. A non-sectarian co-education, a co-racial war cry became the bugle notes that gave success to Ann Arbor, Cornell and the long line of state universities, normal schools and high schools that have come to be in the Western states since Antioch was born. So Antioch, like Jubal in the legend, lies in obscurity, unknown and unrecognized, while the multitudes march in procession with banners flying and trumpets blowing celebrating their great "jubilee," so that whatever becomes of the Yellow Springs Antioch the Antioch of Horace Mann is one of the greatest educational successes of the century. The present case of the Yellow Springs Antioch is not peculiar. It is one of the forty-two degree granting educational institutions that are both the despair and the pride of Ohio; living as the hymn-book says, at a poor dying rate, unconsciously undergoing the grinding tests of Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest. All of them have done worthy work in the past, all of them cannot live.

But spite of losses, blunders and the discouragements that follow in their train, there was a deathless seed planted at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Its vitality is marvelous, and once a year at least the trustees go up in their discouragement and come away in their encouragement, feeling that the spirit of self-denial on the part of the teachers, of rigid economy and heroic work on the part of the pupils, more than atones for the meager equipment and inadequate faculty. Annually we have expected some angel to trouble the water of this Siloam pool, and it almost seems as though the quickening angel arrived this year in the person of Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Professor Hooper is an early student of Antioch, having spent four years there under the administration of Doctor Hosmer, and though he has won his honors at Harvard, and has become the director of one of the greatest educational institutions in the country, he has consented to take his place upon the Board of Trustees of Antioch College, regarding it, as he said, the greatest honor that ever came to him, the greatest honor that ever can come to him, unless it be that his native town should call him to some post of usefulness. Mr. Hooper brought to us not only the wisdom of an educator, but the love and enthusiasm of a child to his mother, and he quickened and stimulated whatever he touched. The councils were practically prolonged through three days, and a more thorough overhauling was given the institution than it has received for many years. The $10,000 which was received last year from the Wynne fund had already given new roofs to all the buildings at a cost of $3,000. We venture to quote from a private letter from Mr. Hooper some paragraphs which will tell enough of the story, we are sure, to quicken new hopes for Antioch in the hearts of all its friends.

My visit to Antioch during the early part of this week was one of the most delightful and helpful experiences in my life. I cannot refrain, on my return to Brooklyn, to write to you to tell you that in spite of the very many discouraging circumstances and conditions which confronted us as members of the Board of Trustees, at the same time, I gathered courage as the hours passed by, and when I came away it was with the very strong conviction that Antioch has a fine body of students, and that with the improvements approved by the Board of Trustees, she will be doing, during the coming year, most righteous work. More was accomplished by the Board of Trustees than I had hoped could be accomplished; a more devoted body of men than the Board of Trustees of Antioch it has not been my pleasure to meet. Better meetings than those that were held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday I have not attended. . . . The Trustees decided to spend $4,600 from the Wynne Fund in the improvement of the buildings and grounds, and in the equipment of the laboratories and the libraries. They decided to increase the fund for the paying of salaries from $3,500 to $5,500 by drawing on the Wynne Fund for a sum not exceeding $2,000. Several of the trustees agreed to underwrite a sum sufficient to cover the extra cost of teachers' salaries, so that as a matter of fact no portion of the Wynne Fund will be permanently used for current expenses. . . . Antioch has many noble things in her history, and though she be today almost like "the stone that the builders rejected," the right men in the Board of Trustees can make her "the head of the corner" as a fresh water college. We have had a similar experience in our Brooklyn Institute, and one that is possible for Antioch College. During the past ten years the income of the Institute has gone up from $4,400 to $99,000 per year, and our budget for next year is $128,000. I want to see the income of Antioch increased 50 per cent. during the coming year, that is, from $5,300 to $7,500. I want to see it go during the second year to $10,000 and upwards. With that show of increase we may in a decade reach an income second only to that of three or four of the leading institutions in the state.

THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL.

By missing the Wednesday morning address of Professor Hooper, which was pronounced "noble," and by two night rides, one of the nights an intermittent catching of midnight trains and piecing out with freights, the editor found himself at the graduating exercises of the Hillside Home School in Wisconsin. This school is still in the ardor of its youth, and out of its class of six, five of them have followed the school in its guidings from the primary class up, four of them were natives of the little valley. Matured by the eleven years of life in this school, they showed that culture which is the aim of the school to reach, the culture that is ethical. The themes of the essayists indicate the dominant spirit of the school. They were "St. Francis of Assizi," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "Evolution in Implements of War," "A Winner in Life's Race (Frances Willard)," "The Red Cross Movement," and "A Genius Against a Nation (Hannibal vs. Rome)." The constituents of the class were technically Catholic, orthodox and heterodox, but practically they all rested in the universalities that bring appreciation and harmony. The work of this school cannot be written. It is a story of reconstructed girls, of awakened boys, quickened youths, some of whom come with flagging pulse and poor digestion, and their life is caught up with a new rhythm of health and naturalness. The school has reached its fullest attendance this year and has almost reached the maximum of its possibilities. Improved water works, strengthened faculty, a Domestic Science Department to be established, show the vigor of the management and the faith of the principals.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Only the other day I wrote, "Our nation is suffering from the worship of small ideals and small men. Since the war of 1861 we have not done one heroic deed, or thought out one heroic purpose, in America." It now appears to be certain that, after all, the true spirit of heroism is not dead, and that we can rise over the tendency to getting and accumulating, for higher purposes of an altruistic sort. The war for Cuba is bringing out in every direction the religion of justice, of honor, of rightness, and manhood. Even blessed old Boston is getting reconciled to the war.

The *Contemporary Review* for June gives a strong article in answer to Mr. Heath, insisting that "Evangelicalism is not Declining." The author, J. Guinness Rogers, insists that "the renewal of the heart and mind is the first work of the church; and the men whose duty it is to preach the gospel must regard everything else as subsidiary to that main purpose." The end of Christianity is common sense in our humble view; and the true aim of a minister is not to renew hearts and minds, but to make the best of hearts and minds as he finds them. Too much time has been wasted in trying to make everything over after old patterns, cut by Westminster divines, or some other, and published in church fashion books for centuries past.

It is an easy passage from what we have said to consider the rise of Dewey worship, which is now the rage among Americans. It is not probable that Dewey himself is at all upset by having done his simple, manly, straightforward duty. It is well enough that we should recognize this element of unflinching manhood, but there should be at least a rational limit to its expression. We shall probably have about ten thousand streets named after our commodore, and possibly there will be a Dewey township in every state.

Professor Elmer Gates has become a remarkable authority on the science and art of rearing fine children. His experiments are related at some length in *Trained Motherhood*, a journal for young wives and mothers; for November, of 1897. I wish that every mother and every father could and would study this article. He says justly that "The incoming generation looks to us to be well born. America and the whole world calls to us for a better sort of men and women." He thinks that the key to the solution of this problem lies in the better comprehension of motherhood and fatherhood. Darwin once said that he hoped the time would come when we would take as much pains with breeding human beings as we do with breeding pigs and horses.

Of all intolerance the most intolerable intolerance is that of dreadfully pious people. Bigotry one can get along with, when it is centered in a creed, or a ritual. But when we find ourselves thrust out of the circle of piety, because we cannot sit all day under the Bo tree, with our hands folded together, and eyes shut, pronouncing OM without intermission, then we begin to ask whether a little credit cannot be given to those who, with earnest hands, work with God all day in field, or shop, or kitchen. To my mind the best piety in this world is the piety of common sense. When a man denounces me for being worldly I have only to suggest to him that "God made the world," and runs it, and if I am worldly I am, after all, co-operating with God.

A Paris paper says of the religious condition of France: "We do not admit any longer, as was the case twenty-five years, that incredulity and infidelity are the proof of broadness of mind. Intoxicated with the thought that they knew more than their fathers, men boasted of having annihilated, or made ridiculous, all mysteries. If there are honest infidels, who are in no way like the libertines of those times, we are beginning to see that Christianity dwells in them without their knowing it. Happily one cannot put away in a few years all the refined morality which eighteen centuries of Christianity have given us." The chief difficulty will be that a cure for libertinism will be sought in reaction, rather than in a more thoughtful, more religious, progress. In fact the writer from whom we quote, finds the only hope of France in once more burying itself in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

The United States stands to-day once more for precisely the principles that it stood for when it was created by Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. The speeches of our Congressmen ring with a manlier sentiment. The doctrine that Jesus propounded of our neighbor, and our obligations as neighbors, find expression in political harangues. Never mind if, in the excitement, a Congressman occasionally flings a book at the head of some other one. A book might be put to a worse use. There is in my judgment not a key-note being struck anywhere that is in discord with the docrine of Jesus Christ—except only the pusilanimity of the pacificos, and the truculency of the peace-at-all-price cowards. For once war means right and righteousness.

What has become of pure literature?—that is, the belles-lettres productions that characterized American and British literature of fifty years ago? Where is our Lowell, our Emerson, our Whipple? Where are the British essayists? We are entering an age that seems to have no time to dwell on such writers as Hood, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt. This is an age of struggle and strife. It has no rest and peace for classic dreaming. Will we react to a more quiet period, when one may, once more, under his own vine and fig-tree, quietly dream with the dreamers and sing with the singers?

We must not lose sight of the fact that the world is governed nowadays by steam. Two great lines of railway have been finished during the past year; one across Siberia, and the other in South Africa, from Cape Town to Buluwayo. It is almost impossible for us, even with maps before us, to grasp the meaning of these great transportation routes. The first links the Atlantic with the Pacific across the Eastern Continent; binds Moscow and St. Petersburg to Yokohama and Pekin. The other is as long as from New York to New Orleans; and gives England the control of the natural treasures of the richest part of Southern Africa. The real struggles for human evolution are now going on in connection with these lines of traffic and travel.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Greatest of These.

Three travelers went on a journey,—three,
Faith and Hope and Charity.

Long they journeyed in foreign lands,
Rugged mountains and desert sands.

One day as the three were walking down
The street of an ancient eastern town

They met a withered and bended crone:
"Kind sirs," she said, "I am old and lone,

"And sick and helpless; my kin are dead,
I have n't a place to lay my head."

Said Faith, "Do you serve the God that 's true?"
The old crone answered, "Indeed I do.

"Is there choice of Gods, I have known but one;
I am always cold, so I love the sun."

"I cannot help you," said Faith, "because
You have chosen the way of nature's laws."

Said Hope, "This world is a vale of tears,
And the smiles far fewer than frowns and fears;

"Good times will come and your griefs be past,
For all that is wrong comes right at last."

But Charity said, "I cannot go
To leave this woman to want and woe.

"O, Faith, my faith is the same as hers,—
God knoweth his own true worshipers;

"I am always dark, so I love the light,
I am always wrong, but I love the right.

"She is always cold, and she loves the sun;
Our wants are many, our God is one."

So, each to his own heart's life intent,
Charity stayed while the others went.

WILLIAM J. ROE.

H. Tambs Lyche.

H. Tambs Lyche, *Kringsjaa's* editor, died this morning. The announcement of his death was not wholly unexpected, for he had suffered for some time from the lung disease which ended his days. But the whole country will receive with sorrow the news that this brave builder is torn away in his best years, in the midst of his never-resting labor for brighter human homes. The journalistic world also has lost a beautiful and sympathetic personality.

Tambs Lyche was born in Fredrikshold 1859, and went early out into the world. He spent the years from '74-'76 in France as student in a French school. On his return he spent four years in the Kristiania Polytechnic School, was at the same time writing as regular correspondent and assistant editor for several Norwegian, Swedish and Danish papers and did not a little for the movement for a union of the three countries. After graduation in 1880 from the Polytechnic School he went to America, where he worked for several years as civil engineer. His sojourn there had important results for him. He came into contact with Unitarianism which at once won him because of its clear thought and historic foundations, which he had already groped after. His longing for a religion resting on nature and reasonableness found peace in Unitarianism, and he soon found the way to satisfy his long cherished desire to see something of the theological world and be able better to judge for himself. He spent two and a half years at the Meadville Theological School and spent the remainder of his thirteen years in America as Unitarian minister among Americans and speaking English. At the same time he worked as lecturer, and writer for both religious and secular papers there and at home. He had always before him the hope of returning to Norway to give his strength for the same service here; for he felt that his land sorely needed work for a brighter view of life, a more cheerful and practical religion. This work he had already begun before coming home, chiefly in a series of letters to the *Dagbladet.*

In the *Dagbladet* he had also expressed his belief in, and given an outline for, a Norwegian magazine after the plan of the American and English reviews. The idea was seized by publisher Huseby and when in 1892 Tambs Lyche came home for a visit the plan was worked out and the review started which carried at once Tambs Lyche's name to the Norwegian people, and in which he has laid his best gifts and his best work. In *Kringsjaa* he held an untiring outlook over all that happened in the religious, social, industrial, and technical world. All, he gave in a clear, popular form that could reach into the homes of the *people*—people of every class. He would lead the world into Norway.

* * * * *

But great as was the good *Kringsjaa* has done our land by its busy messengers from the outer world, still greater has been its influence through its editor's personal contributions. Its columns became his new pulpit where he worked for his great hope; his hope to see a living, natural, ethical religious life grow up, built, not on guesses, miracles and mistakes, not on history and the old time alone, but on Nature, with all its lessons in daily life, personal feeling, and the experiences of the wisest and best.

His work in *Kringsjaa* was in the beginning variously judged, and the whole movement met with distrust, but Tambs Lyche held faithfully on and lived, long since, to see his magazine entirely sure, with over 5,000 subscribers from every part of the country.

Besides his work in *Kringsjaa*, Tambs Lyche had much other work in hand. He had a power and desire for work that positively knew not rest. He edited for nearly two years the first liberal religious paper here, corresponded with several papers, edited a provincial liberal political semi-weekly paper, "*Norderhov*," and acted for a time as assistant editor for the *Dagbladet.*

Little wonder that all this has been too much for this not overstrong man. He went to Caprivi for the winter, hoping to gain new strength for his weak lungs, but came back two weeks since a dying man.

A practical idealist was Tambs Lyche, a bright, lovable, character, possessed of a wonderful fund of life's gladness. Perhaps this joy in life needed a warmer, higher air to unfold itself entirely. There were times when he was chilled to the soul, and was as a stranger among us from some sunnier, gentler land.

He leaves after him an empty place that can with difficulty ever be filled; but for his faithful, untiring, self-sacrificing work to raise his country in all respects, our people owe him a debt of deepest gratitude.—TRANSLATED FROM THE *Kringsjaa* OF KRISTIANA NORWAY OF APRIL 16, 1898.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Biblical Criticism and Religious Faith.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., APRIL 24, 1898, BY MARION D. SHUTTER.

There are certain notions of infallibility and inspiration that still hold sway in many churches. We are told that if these are undermined or disturbed, the foundations of religious faith are gone. All our faith and all our hopes are bound up with the old theory of mechanical perfection. If there are mistakes in the Bible; if there are contradictions and errors; if every statement is not exactly and literally true; if Moses is not correct in his geology and Paul in his physics; if the sun and moon did not stand still, and if water was not actually turned into wine—then we have no warrant that Christianity is true; we have no reason to believe in God, in Christ, or in immortality. Everything vital and precious in our faith depends upon the prevalent belief that the Books of the Bible were written by the authors whose names are attached, at the time and under the circumstances commonly supposed, and that "they contain truth without any admixture of error." It is urged against modern criticism that, in setting aside this traditional view, it destroys religious faith and should be put down at any cost.

This question, then, confronts us: "Is it true that our religious faith, that is, our faith in God, in the life and teaching of Christ, and in immortality, is so bound up with the old dogma of Biblical infallibility, that if this dogma disappears beneath the handling of critical methods, God himself disappears, and Christ, and the hope of a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens? Do all these 'go glimmering down the dream of things that were?'—if Moses did not write Genesis, and someone besides Isaiah produced the second part of that prophecy; if Luke was not supernaturally guided when he wrote his gospel?"

I believe, upon the contrary, that the newer lines of study and investigation will strengthen our faith in all that is vital and essential. Much, indeed, will be swept away; many opinions will be changed and others greatly modified; but not one stone of the real foundations will be disturbed. Personally, I am not concerned in these investigations out of mere curiosity, not alone for the intellectual pleasure they give, but because I am profoundly convinced that they may be made practical and helpful; that they may be made to minister to the religious life; that they may do much to clear the skies of doubt and bid the sunshine of confidence dawn upon the troubled spirit. To use the results in this way is at least my object, however wide the arrow may fly of its mark!

I.

FIRST OF ALL, LET ME STATE SOME OF THE RESULTS OF WHAT IS CALLED THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

The methods and principles of this study I have elsewhere discussed, and shall not dwell upon them at this time.

1. *In regard to the* BIBLE IN GENERAL, *the verdict of scholars is that it is a national literature, instead of a collection of Divine Oracles; that it is a growth and not a creation.*

Its *historians* wrote, as do other historians, using materials that already existed, and claiming no supernatural preservation from error. Its *prophets*, instead of detailing the future, enforced the lessons and pointed out the needs of their own day. Its *singers* gave voice, for their own age, to sentiments of devotion and awe, reverence and worship. Its *laws*, instead of being formulated in complete system by Moses in the wilderness, were the results of centuries of experiment and experience. The *proverbs and philosophy* do not represent the wisdom of one man, but are the garnered results of ages. The writers whose works are brought together in the Bible were men of their own time, and reflect the ideas of that generation. The profoundest and most permanent truths are colored through and through by the circumstances in which they were wrought out. The loveliest blossoms of the sky are modified by the climate and soil of that particular spot of earth in which they were planted.

There was, indeed, a Divine purpose running through all the history of Israel from first to last; but that purpose was wrought out through imperfect and even sinful human beings, and the records of that purpose were made by fallible men. The finger of God, indeed, touched their hearts; they were lifted sometimes to lofty heights of vision; they were thrilled sometimes with experiences that were not of earth; but that which they saw upon the Mount of Vision and felt in the moment of rapture, was reported in their own language, embodied in the vocabulary of the day, and framed in the notions of the period, scientific and metaphysical. In this literature which records the entire process through which Israel passed from the brick-fields of Egypt to the religious leadership of the world—there must be transient elements as well as permanent, human elements as well as divine, ebullitions of animal passion and sodden ignorance as well as angel flashes from on high!

There is abundance of truth in this Biblical Literature, truth that is of the utmost importance, truth eternal as the stars and immutable as he who lit their fires; but it lies embedded here as gold in the rock, as silver in the mine; and it requires toil and patience and study to bring it forth, pass it anew through the furnace of experience, and shape it at last into the choicest jewels of the soul!

2. *To this general view of the Bible as Literature, scholars do not find that the* NEW TESTAMENT *is an exception. It belongs to the same system.*

It represents and covers, indeed, the period when the old religion flowered and produced the magnificent blossom that first threw its fragrance upon the air at Nazareth; but the ones who described it all and the writings in which they described it, proceed upon the same principles as all the writers who went before and all the books that they penned. The authors wrote as men, according to human laws of thought, using words in their ordinary meaning. These documents were shaped and colored by circumstances. "The men who wrote the *Gospels*," says Dr. Cone, "like other biographers depended upon the ordinary sources of information, and hence did not receive the facts of the life of Jesus by supernatural communication. In the acceptance and rejection of events and sayings, and the ar-

rangement of them, they exercised their judgment, often determined by considerations which must remain unknown to us. As men, they could not have been unbiased in regard to questions which were mooted in their time. The writers of the *Epistles* employed their reason and their imagination in dealing with their themes after the manner of other men who construct theologies and philosophies, or preach and exhort; and they wrote with special reference to the religious and philosophical opinions of their own race and age, and in adaptation to the exigencies which called their writings forth."

In the New Testament, as well as in the Old, we find no mechanical perfection; no infallible result of miraculous immunity from mistake, In the New Testament, as well as in the Old, we have to distinguish between the fleeting notions of the time and the truth that was born for eternity. From the various impressions that Jesus made, and that are reflected in the fragmentary accounts of His life, we must construct the real picture of His wonderful personality. Through the mists of legend and tradition must we try to discern His features. From the words attributed to Him—words sometimes colored by the temperament or idiosyncrasies of the scribe—must we gather the teaching that has shaped the destiny of the modern world. And we do find there, in spite of the narrowness of some of the writers and the controversial spirit of others, the substantial story of His life, the great principles of His instruction. And these we may discern without binding ourselves to accept as historical every statement that we find in the gospels.

In the house of Michael Angelo at Florence, some of the artist's preliminary studies have been preserved. On one piece of paper, from a whorl of ink-lines emerges the figure of Christ which Angelo afterwards used in the "Last Judgment." From the confusion of fragmentary and contradictory lines in the historic background, emerges the majestic figure of JESUS!

II.

SUCH, IN BRIEF, ARE THE CONCLUSIONS OF RECENT SCHOLARSHIP. LET ME NOW SAY A WORD CONCERNING THE ATTITUDE WE OUGHT TO TAKE TOWARDS THESE RESULTS OF BIBLICAL STUDY.

1. *The primary question is not, "What will be the effect of these results upon faith?" We have no business to ask such a question at first. The only thing that concerns us is, "Are they true?"*

This question is the last one which the opponents of the higher criticism ask. They do not, as a rule, enter the lists of sober discussion; but cry out, "You are tearing the Bible to pieces!" I submit that no one may justly be accused of tearing the Bible to pieces who seeks, simply and solely, to understand the Bible. The thing that is being torn to pieces is not the Bible, but a certain notion about the Bible—the dogma of its uniform and infallible inspiration; the dogma that holds all its elements equally divine and refuses men all privilege of discrimination; the dogma that says: "All or none!" This dogma is being torn to pieces, and cannot too soon be scattered to the winds. The great question, the only question, is "Is this true—this new view of the Bible?" If true, we can and will adjust ourselves to the facts. Doctor Horton, himself a member of an orthodox communion, says: "If the simple recognition of established facts were to shatter our religious faith, rob us of our God, and draw a line of erasure right through our Bible, it would be our plain duty to accept established facts."

2. *It is extremely dangerous for any one to build his faith upon a theory of Scripture.*

The folly of teaching men that their confidence in the great facts and forces of religion must be bound up with certain hypotheses of Biblical inspiration would only be equalled by the evangelist who should proclaim that a certain theory of plant life, if rejected, would sweep the lilies from the valleys and the cedars from the hills; that to reject a certain theory of gravitation would destroy the earth and the stars! To teach men that their faith in the things of religion must be identified with that iron-clad view of the Bible which says that it is without defect or flaw, that it must be accepted as a whole or as a whole set aside,—will only give a feeling of security so long as no crack or defect actually appears. But let a man once discern a mistake or discrepancy and he either blindly refuses to consider it or just as blindly lets his faith tumble in ruins about his ears. He becomes either a bigot or an infidel. In the latter case, he says: "I find here mistakes, contradictions, discrepancies,—at least I should call them so in any other book. I know not why I should not call them the same in this book. I have only one set of faculties for dealing with such matters. You tell me, if there is a break or error in the Bible, Christianity is gone! I find what appear to me, at least, such breaks or errors. Therefore, I take you at your word, and I say Christianity may go! You tell me I must take all or none of the Bible. There are things here that do not appeal to my reason. I take you at your word. I reject all. If your religion must go with your Book, be it so. I give up both!" Such cases could be counted by scores and hundreds.

3. *I plead for the hospitable attitude towards these results, because I believe that the very life of the Church is involved.*

If we go on in the old way, we shall deepen the impression that already, to some extent, exists, that religion and scholarship are at variance; that one can not be a devout Christian and in harmony with modern thought. There is no necessary conflict. The deepest and richest Christian life is compatible with the most advanced views in recent criticism. So firmly do I believe this, that I am persuaded that if we go on teaching the antiquated notions in our homes and our Sunday schools, we are simply going to alienate the young utterly and forever from the church. I know, in some measure, what young men and women are thinking; I know what they hear and what questions come to them. If they do not get correct ideas from those who ought to teach them, they will get distorted ones from ribald lips. It is the business of the church, the minister, the parent, to search these things out and teach them reverently to the young that they may know how to discriminate, when the time of testing comes. Let us be perfectly frank and honest. There is nothing to fear; there is much to be gained. The critics have shown us where we can not build with safety; but they have also shown us the solider ground and laid firmer foundations for our faith. They have emphasized the lines:

"We live by faith, but faith is not
The slave of text and legend."

They have shown us that faith is the child of fearless thought and honest investigation!

III.

SUCH, I BELIEVE, TO BE THE SPIRIT AND TEMPER IN WHICH WE SHOULD REGARD THE RESULTS OF MODERN SCHOLARSHIP. LET US NOW SEE HOW THESE RESULTS STAND RELATED TO RELIGIOUS FAITH. DO THEY TEND TO DESTROY OR ENHANCE IT?

1. *How do they affect our faith in* GOD?

I have said that the Literature of the Bible was a growth, not a creation. It shows progress in thought from first to last. It shows us that some of the early nations were savage and barbarous compared with those that were afterwards developed. What is the bearing of this fact? Do you remember some of the things attributed to God in the earlier history? Do you remember how he is said to have deceived Pharaoh, how he hardened the monarch's heart, how —not permitting him to let the people go—he yet punished him and sent plagues upon the entire land because that permission was withheld? Do you remember how he is said to have sanctioned assassination in the case of Jael? Do you remember how he is said to have ordered wars of extermination? how he commanded the Canaanites to be driven out of their own territory? how he directed horrible butcheries of women, and even of children unborn? Do you remember how the prophet declared that if there was evil in a city the Lord had done it? Who has not felt that such things were unworthy of the character of God? Who has not been torn and troubled in his mind because these things were found in the Bible? And upon the old theory, what volumes of imbecility have been written to show that all these unspeakable atrocities were consistent with the divine justice!

The new theory relieves us of all our difficulties with such representations of him whom we revere as our Father. It says: "These were the ideas of cruel and ignorant ages. They never were the doings of God. Men believed that he was only a magnified savage like themselves." The new theory sweeps forever from the brow of the Eternal the lingering traces of that inhumanity, and wipes the last stain of that early infamy from his character. This new theory increases my faith in God, because it makes him more worthy of my confidence. It wrecks a certain lot of notions concerning the Bible, but it redeems to human respect and saves for human worship the God who was before all Bibles and who will be after them!

2. *How does the new theory affect our faith in* MAN?

(1) It gives us a higher estimate of *his nature.*

I have said that the newer criticism shows us how the writers of the Bible were affected by the notions that were current in the time and place where they wrote. Let us take a notable example. We find, in the earlier chapters of the Bible an account of the fall of man and the curses pronounced. From that story has come the doctrine of human depravity and of human inability to anything good. The river of inherited sin and of threatened damnation that took its rise among the ruins of Eden, has flowed down through all the thought of the world, dashing its waves of pitch on the right hand and on the left, blighting every fair and beautiful thing. That notion has depressed the human mind, clipped the wings of ambition, driven the sensitive to melancholy and despair. Thus has it set a stigma on human nature, and made him who, the psalmist says, was created a little lower than the angels, only a little better than the demons. The new theory comes and says: "The account of the fall is not a historical fact, it is a Babylonian fable. The Jews learned it—or at least fully accepted it—during their long captivity among the Babylonians. It is not a revelation from God to Moses." Thus understood, the pall of that age-long night is lifted from human nature. Drop that account from the region of history, the basis of the evangelical theology is gone! The new theory destroys the old creeds. It destroys the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice. It destroys the eternal dungeons of the future. But it strengthens our faith in the nature of man!

(2) It gives us a higher estimate of man's *possibilities.*

I have said that the Divine plan wrought out in Israel's history was executed through human instrumentalities. Priest, prophet, judge, and king were all men—with attendant frailties and sins; but in spite of all, they accomplished magnificent results. The deeds of Israel's heroes cast a glory on all mankind and suggest what possibilities lie in other lives. The old theory says they were machines operated from without; the new says they were men stimulated from within. The force that withstood the foemen, the wisdom that founded a state, the moral sensibility which felt and rebuked the sins of the people, the music that shaped the psalms of praise, the prudence that gave the maxims of practical life—all these were human qualities and rose to the occasion when the call was given. Then, too, the experiences of prophet and psalmist in their highest moods, of the apostle in his most rapturous moments, were all human experiences, and show us what peace and hope, and joy and confidence, may be for us all!

3. *How do the results of Biblical Criticism affect our faith in* CHRIST? *This point will be deemed by many the most important of all.*

You ask me: "If they cast doubts upon the historical character of some of the statements made about him; if they tell us that some of the words there may not have come from his lips—how do we know that anything is true?"

The newer criticism, indeed, subjects these biographical sketches of Jesus to precisely the same tests that it would the biography of Washington or Lincoln. When a child, I used to read certain biographies of Washington that contained some things I do not believe to-day,—some things which further researches have shown to be fabulous. But I still believe in Washington, preserver and guide of the colonies. I still believe in Washington, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." If the writers of the gospels,—written in their present form, we must remember, from fifty to seventy years after Christ,—did not get everything straight and accurate, may I not still believe in Jesus? Nay, I believe to-day he is greater than they thought him. When we look through the Messianic coloring of Matthew, and through the Greek philosophy of John, and through the marvels of some of the others, we can still discern the

features of the sublimest Son of Man, the Supremest Son of God! Indeed, the very unhistorical elements of which I have spoken, show us how vast was the impression he made. They robed him in garments of philosophy, of prophecy, and of wonder; for these were the noblest tributes they could pay. If criticism to-day shows us how all this was done,—shows how the modes of thought and belief prevailing at the time when the gospels were written shaped their accounts of him,—it still brings him out in clearer relief as the man above all others filled with the spirit of God and living the life of God. More and more does it make him our brother and helper.

Riding through certain portions of the Dakotas, one sees, in the morning, the mirage of the prairies. Hills and trees and lakes beyond the reach of ordinary sight, are lifted, in the peculiar light, above the horizon, and seen to hang suspended in air, unconnected with the earth. They are, indeed, the images of veritable objects that thus rise upon the vision; and if one should make the long journey he would find the objects themselves firmly settled upon the earth. Like that mirage upon the horizon, the nature and character of Christ, through the light of ages past, appear floating upon the air and completely severed from the human. But criticism has taken the journey backward, and finds beyond the horizon "a man of like passions with ourselves;" one with us in origin, nature, experience, and destiny; a human life lived upon the earth, and not a superhuman life lived above it. It finds for us a savior in the real sense. What is a savior? One who helps us to be good. And Jesus is supremely our savior, because he, more than any other, exalts and ennobles us. Goodness is salvation. Character is salvation. Thus does the newer thought increase our faith in Christ and our love for him. It makes him more real and more human, and helps us to see what a man may become.

4. *How do the results of this study affect our faith in the* FUTURE?

To consider but a single aspect of this subject, Biblical criticism—in this instance what we call the "Lower" rather than the "Higher"—takes us back to the times of Jesus, and shows us the origin of many of those terms concerning "penalty," which, in their harsh translations, have filled the world with terror. We have gotten away from the old textual method of handling the Bible, and we shall never return to it; but it is only fair to state, in general, the verdict of modern scholarship, which throws some new rays of light into the dark ravines and abysses of the old translation. The word "hell," with all its horrible associations, was the Gehenna or Valley of Hinnom near Jerusalem, where fires were kept burning to consume the refuse of the city. It was simply used as a symbol of remorse. The word "hell," in the modern sense, was never used in the New Testament times. The idea of "endlessness" is taken from the word "eternal;" and the element of "judgment" alone is left in the word "damnation." Take those three ideas—hell, endlessness, damnation—out of the New Testament, as modern scholarship says they ought to be taken out, as our Revision says they ought to be taken out, and you have drawn the power out of the machinery of terror upon which theology has racked and tortured the human heart; you have drawn the lightning from the cloud that hovers over the cradle and grows deeper and denser around the grave! So that criticism modifies our ideas of the future and brightens our hope of immortality!

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The newer criticism leaves us a faith in the BIBLE as the supreme book of devotion and duty; a faith in MAN as the inalienable child of God; a faith in CHRIST as the leader in the moral struggle, the example in the moral life; a faith in the future, in IMMORTALITY, undarkened by the endless shadow, untainted by the perpetual infamy of conscious torment; a faith in GOD as the Supreme Wisdom and Goodness.

And it teaches us that we do not find the letters which spell out the name of God in days when selfish and brutal passions raged and deeds of violence and cruelty prevailed. When you wish to spell out that name above all other names, go where the human intellect is freest from superstition, where thought is least circumscribed, where investigation is most honest and fearless; and from the best and noblest specimens take some letters for this supreme name. Watch the course of history and the trend towards righteousness and love will help you spell it out. Go to the fields where men have fought for liberty and tinge your letters with the crimson of unselfish hearts. Go to the hospitals and sick-rooms, and from the patience of those who languish and suffer take some letters to put into this title. Go where love bends over the cradle, and take some of its illumination; where pity lifts up the helpless, where forgiveness deals with transgression, where strength pays it debt to weakness and learning to ignorance; go where friendship is truest and heroism greatest, and put these elements into your letters. Go where affection lingers over the dead and hope looks upward from the tomb. From all this magnificent alphabet of the sublimest powers of human thought and endurance and grace and virtue and aspiration, spell out the name of GOD. Then will that name flame in splendor across the sky, till its rays shall have penetrated the remotest corners of earth's darkness; aye, and even if there were such a place as the worst superstitions have dreamed and the worst fears of mankind have painted, the name of THIS God would dawn with the beauty of sunrise upon the dungeons of hell!

This faith, I repeat, does not rest upon the infallible letter of an infallible book. It is not affected by any mistakes of Moses, by any narrowness of Peter, by any inadequacy of Paul. It rests upon that which was back of Moses and back of Paul, back of Judaism and back of Christianity, back of every attempt in every religion to solve the problem of the universe. It rests upon the guiding and shaping power that is seen in this world from the beginning. It rests upon the facts of human nature. Out of them came all Bibles, and if these were all to be destroyed, the spirit of God and the spirit of man would again come together as of old, and the precepts of piety, the psalms of devotion, the anthems of rapture, would flame from the lips of other prophets and ring from the harps of other bards and singers!

"The letter fails, and systems fall;
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all,
Eternal Love remains!"

The Sunday School.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO. REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XXIV. — Review Universal Elements of Religion.

This week's lesson was a general review, and rounded out the work of the year on the course in religions. The lessons for the remainder of the season will be studies in ethics, based on Miss Juniata Stafford's outline, "Religion in the School."

The leader began the review by proposing the question, What are the elements common to all religions? A question which he said should be answerable from the accumulated resources of the year's studies. After considerable thought and discussion, the following outline was placed upon the blackboard:

Elements Common to All Religions.

1. The Thought of God.
2. Immortality.
3. Love.
4. Duty.
5. Reconciliation.
6. A Ministry.
7. Special Sanctities of Time and Place.

1. With regard to the first of these elements; the thought of God, we may say that scarcely a race or tribe can be found so low in the human scale that they have not some idea of intangible forces, in the world, to which they ascribe more or less of personality. The thought of God in some form or other would seem to be one of the very foundation thoughts in all religions.

It was asked by a member of the class whether an exception might not be found in Buddhism. The leader believed that the most competent among scholars would say no. If Buddhism is atheistic in ritual and ceremony, it is only because it is a revolt against the numerous gods of the Brahmanistic theology. And in that sense, Zoroaster was atheistic. He said, in substance, you have too many gods. You have followed after the gods so much that you have lost your thought of other sacred things. Let us make new sanctities, the sanctity of labor, of the soil, of home and kindred. So Buddha turned his back upon the diversities and contradictions of the gods to find rest and unity in *God*.

2. The most primitive tribes are scarcely without some notion, more or less definite, of a future life. They are generally afraid of ghosts, and ghosts imply immortality. There are few of our American tribes which do not make some provision for the sustenance and care of the soul in the life that is supposed to follow this. Continuous existence, in some form or other, would seem to be a spontaneous demand and prophecy of the human heart. Again it was suggested that Buddhism is here, too, at least an apparent exception. The leader thought it was apparent only, and that the Buddhistic conception of Nirvâna was as far as possible removed from the idea of annihilation.

3. The thought of love, human and super-human, has its roots deep in every known religion. The beginning is fear, but the end is love.

4. The thought of duty, the sense of obligation, is found very low in the human kind and lower. The ethical code of primitive man is not righteous, but it is compelling and grows into righteousness. Nowhere does the actual quite reach the ideal. The thing we know to be right is not what we do. There is always a standard above us which is out of our reach, but which compels us to stretch toward it. Probably nothing which anywhere bears the name of religion can be found existing without this sense. Duty is a great word—a great bequest of the Saxons.

5. The thought of reconciliation of God and man is found everywhere in religious thought. It runs as far down as the fetich. It begins with sacrifices of goats and turtle doves, and ends with the contrite heart. It starts with the thought of changing the attitude of a fickle and angry god towards helpless man, and rises into the conception of changing the attitude of man from antagonism into harmony with the changeless and loving spirit that rules the universe. For the third time it was asked if Buddhism was not an exception, and still again the answer was no, that while the reconciliation idea might be lacking in the narrow ceremonial sense, it climbs to renunciation heights and is never absent from the spirit of Buddhism.

6. There is a place for a ministry in all religions. It would seem that the minister is as much a necessity to the highest religion as is the medicine man to the lowest savage tribe. When we get past the superstition, we come upon the true meaning and office of minister—one who serves.

7. All people and all religions have had their sacred times and places—perhaps the lower in civilization the more dogmatic the claim. Many Americans are trying to do without the sanctities of church, to administer their lives without the benedictions of sacred place or sacred time. There may be certain advantages in getting rid of the restrictions which hedge around the seventh day, but let us beware lest in sloughing off the dogmatism we go too far and lose the heart of the institution itself.

It may be that our classification is still incomplete, but in any case it all comes back to this: Our studies of the great world religions as well as of the more primitive faiths of primitive peoples, have all taught us that these at least are universal elements of religion. Now let us look at the list and imagine a brace placed in front of it. Then imagine the word Christianity written opposite the brace. But our friend Doctor Hirsch would say, and would have an unquestionable right to say, "No, for that is Judaism." And Brahmanism might make the same claim for itself with equal right, and so might all the others. Any man who insists upon putting his own narrow religious word there in the absence of the others, thereby proves himself dogmatic and exclusive. The deeper our studies and the broader our vision, the deeper and broader do we find the foundations of universal religion.

How is it that people can read so much good literature and get nothing out of it? How is it that some people who have read little, seem to have more culture than others who have read a good deal? How is it that culture of the head rarely ever becomes culture of the heart?

The Study Table.

On Pilgrimage.

'Tis said the Arab to the place of prayer
With cleansed hands must go;
But when on pilgrimage 'cross deserts bare
Whereon no waters flow,
He stoops in reverence unto the sands,
And in the dust of earth makes pure his hands.

O soul-wise pilgrim! in thy simple rite
Is word of joy for me:
I need not keep the guest until the night
For fount of purity;
But in the dust of desert, field, or mart,
Stoop lowly to the earth and cleanse my heart.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

Literature Readers.

We have from Silver, Burdett & Co. a set of readers entitled "Stepping Stones to Literature." The course is admirable every way. The illustration, printing and binding make the books attractive; but the material advantage of the series is that the selections have been made with unusual discretion and good judgment. In the seventh grade we find Bancroft's "Relation of Arnold's Treason and Andre's Capture," Webster's "First Oration on Bunker Hill Monument," Lincoln's "Gettysburg Speech," Whittier's "Centennial Hymn;" together with selections from Thoreau, George William Curtis, Henry W. Grady, Bayard Taylor and many others. It is not only a good school book but a first rate book for home use.

Here is a book of which not too much can be easily said in its favor. It comes from the Johns Hopkins press of Baltimore, and is entitled "The Neutrality of the American Lakes and Anglo-American Relations." The author is James Morton Callahan. This, we believe, is Dr. Callahan's first attempt at writing history, beyond brief monographs. But these monographs have indicated his peculiar ability as a student of both style and research. However, anyone who opens this book will be surprised at the excellent quality of the service done to history, but still more at the charm and vitality of the style. It is a thoroughly readable book, on what would seem to be a dry topic. Indeed, I have not picked up a book of late more bewitching or one that I have held onto with more tenacity. I should like to quote page after page, purely for the intellectual quality of the work. But the book breathes something still better; it is written in the higher spirit of altruism, which properly belongs to all history, but is not always associated with its writing. The Introduction would thoroughly satisfy the most earnest advocate of peace, and arbitration, in the place of war; and yet the author is never carried away by mere enthusiasm. He says, "The intellects and hearts of the nations are outgrowing the theory that national disputes can only be settled by the sword. The result of the Geneva Arbitration has shown that they *can* be settled otherwise. The law of hate is yielding to the law of love. Every year makes it more apparent among nations, that the best interests of all will be served, not by mutual antagonism, but by co-operation and mutual service. Civilization is the accumulated labor of all the world through mutual service and concord, as well as the result of struggling interests and passion. The new wine of national life long since broke the old bottles of the feudal system. So the broad spirit of the new age is leading men to let their love for mankind extend farther than the few hills or the little water that happens to lie between the tribes of one great family of people. We can love humanity more without loving home and country less."

The topic that he deals with is one of deep interest to all Americans. The fact is we know altogether too little of the great problems that entered into the making of our nation. The author has for his topic The Boundary Line, which has continued to divide two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock. When he has added to the present volume another which we hope he may on the Fisheries as a cause of division between these same brotherhoods, we shall have before us a solution of the question why Canada and the United States have never fused into one people. There is not a little in this volume to remind us that Dr. Callahan is western born. He is able to deal with the statesman of both North and South with peculiarly unprejudiced mind, and gives to Jefferson and Madison the position which we believe belongs to them. The work done by the Johns Hopkins' school is both broad and thorough. In my judgment it is the best work that is now being done in the way of historical research.

Political Science Quarterly comes to us for June with an opening article by Prof. J. W. Burgess, on "Corporations and Political Science." This article is altogether too brief, but it deserves the most careful study of all students of political science. The next article on "The Continental System," by Prof. W. M. Sloan, gives us not so much that is new, but the article is so vividly written that we might call it illustrated. Professor Sloan's pen can never write a dry sentence. He sees vividly, and compels his readers to do the same. The article on "The Local Government Board," is also of decided value; but I have not seen in this *Quarterly* of late a more careful and important article than that by Worthington C. Ford, on "Official Tariff Comparisons." S. N. D. North's review of Levasseur's "American Workingman," enters ably into a field of great importance at the present time, economically and politically. The review of Mr. Fiske's "Old Virginia" is rather an oddity than otherwise. On the whole the number is one of extraordinary value.

One of the comic opera items that pass into history is the effort of the American Peace Union to extend a hand of sympathy to Queen Christina, and beg of her for the sake of peace and Christianity to yield Cuba its freedom, and accept the sympathies of the friends of peace in her hours of terrible trial. All this comes from having men in charge of our organized efforts who are possessed of more pathetic philanthropy than common sense. It is not probable that the officers of our Peace society intended treasonable action, or to insult the American people. The New York universal Peace Union has published a protest against the folly of the national organization.

E. P. P.

He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying is like the bellows of a smith, he breathes indeed, but he does not live.—*Hindu.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.— The value of all things exists, not indeed
In themselves, but man's use of them, feeding man's need.

MON.— . . . Use and Habit are powers
Far stronger than Passion, in this world of ours.

TUES.— We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be
And fall back on the lap of our own destiny.

WED.— Take life as it is, and consider with me
If it be not all smiles, yet it is not all sneers;
It admits honest laughter, and needs honest tears.

THURS.—Every spendthrift to passion is debtor to thought.

FRI.— God means every man to be happy, be sure;
He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure.

SAT.— Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so.
Let each moment like Time's last Ambassador, come:
It will wait to deliver its message, and some
Sort of answer it merits.

—*Owen Meredith.*

The Right Kind of a Boy.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry:
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—*Edinboro Independent.*

The Story of Sprite.

Little Amy Lovel hardly had her eyes open one morning, when she heard a "tap, tap," against the window-glass, as if some one wanted to come in; yet that could hardly be, for the blinds were closed fast on the outside. But there it was again, "tap, tap."

So she slipped out of bed and went across the floor in her bare feet to the window. On the wide window-sill, between the sash and the blinds, there was a beautiful brown squirrel, sitting on his haunches, with his long, bushy tail curled over his head and his bright little eyes looking straight at her. It would have been hard to tell which was the more surprised.

Amy was a beautiful child, with a face that made everybody love her and hair like the aureoles that they make around the heads of the saints in the pictures. She had a fall when she was a wee child, that would make her lame for life; but this only seemed to make her more lovable by making her more gentle and patient.

The squirrel would n't let her touch him at first, but after awhile he came and ate the crumbs that she put on the window-sill for him.

But how did he get there? There was only one way. A large oak tree grew close by the window. He had run out on the branches and hopped from the tree to the blinds. Running up the slats, they had unexpectedly turned with him, opening widely enough for him to fall through, then closing up after him. So he was a prisoner, just as if he had been caught in a trap.

Amy would have been delighted to keep him for a pet, but he seemed so frightened and unhappy away from the woods and trees that she opened the window and let him go. "Good-by, little squirrel," she said; "go and sit up in the trees and crack nuts and be happy in your own way."

But he either had a very short memory, or else he liked his visit; for it was not long before he came again. Amy was delighted. There he sat and looked at her, as much as to say, "Well, here I am again."

He let her touch him this time, and he would even eat a few crumbs from her hand. He was a young squirrel, not more than half grown, and not so cautious as if he had been older; he did not know how dangerous white little hands often are to such as he.

Amy named him Sprite because he was so light and airy. Every now and then Sprite would come back, always presenting himself in the same way. Amy could not tell whether his visits were intentional or not. But she petted him all the same, and he came to be not afraid of her at all—would eat out of her hand and perch on her shoulder, making himself quite at home.—*Our Animal Friends.*

The Weed's Wings.

"Mamma, I never knew weeds were so pretty. Just look here!" And Gracie held before her mother a downy white globe of the daintiest texture, clinging to a stiff, brown little stem.

"Is n't it beautiful," said mamma. "See, the globe is made of white wings."

"Wings!" said Gracie, wonderingly. "They look like little white stars!"

"Yes," answered mamma, "they do, but they are really wings. Do you see the cluster of little brown seeds at the center?"

"Yes," said Gracie, looking at it carefully.

"Now," said mamma, "pull one of them out. No, wait. Blow the globe instead."

So Gracie blew upon it gently, and lo! away floated the little white stars, each carrying with it a tiny brown seed.

"Now do you see," asked mamma, "why I called them wings? Each little seed has a wing, and when the wind blows upon it, it flies away, carrying its seed with it, and then it drops down, sometimes a long way from the spot where the little weed which bore it grew, and there the little seed lies until it sinks into the earth, ripens, and sends forth another weed of the same kind."

"Is n't it wonderful, mamma? And see, too, how beautiful each little wing is. I don't think I shall ever say 'old weeds' again. Their seed-wings are as pretty as the flowers."—*The Sunbeam.*

We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh, and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality, to imbrute them. —*Thoreau.*

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what most he would avoid?

—*Milton.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO, UNITY CHURCH.—Unity Church is planning to join forces with the Independent Liberal Church at the annual picnic, so as to have this outing take in all the Unitarians on the North Side. Mr. Thomson will continue his original and suggestive sermons throughout the month and will resume them on September 4.

GENEVA, ILL.—The brave little flock at Geneva has been keeping up the services in both the church and the Sunday School, the pulpit being at present occupied by Mr. C. E. Park.

MEADVILLE, PA.—The closing days of the Meadville Theological School were brightened with three lectures from W. W. Fenn, of Chicago. One on the Epistles to the Colossians and the Ephesians; one on Jesus in "Modern Thought," and one on the "Congregational Polity." Mr. Fenn was elected as a member of the Board of Trustees. The class sermon was preached by F. L. Hosmer, of St. Louis, and the class address was given by John Snyder of the same place. The following young men having completed the course of study, took part in the graduating exercises by reading essays on the themes indicated.

Clinton Merritt Gray, Belfast, Me.: "Rammohun Roy and the Brahmo Somaj."

Edwin McMasters Stanton Hodgin, Mitchell, S. Dak.: "Mr. Gladstone's Service to his Age."

John Frederick Meyer, Baltimore, Md.: "The Elmira Method of Reforming Criminals."

Frederick Preston, Boston, Mass.: "A Standard American New Testament."

Acknowledgments of Receipts for the Fifth Fiscal Year of the Liberal Congress.

Balance on hand, June 1st, 1898	$16.86
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y.	10.00
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Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Two of the newly-elected directors—Miss Hintermeister of Evanston and Rev. J. R. Effinger of Hull Memorial Chapel—were at the monthly meeting held on June 7th, the others present being Mr. Gould, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Scheible. The treasurer reported donations of two dollars each from the Manistee Sunday School and from Miss Gordon of Iowa City, also another of one dollar from a friend at Geneva, Ill.

Attention was called to the apparent need of issuing new primary lesson cards to replace the "Home Life" and "School Life" cards, which are now out of print, but the directors were not sure as to the sort of cards best suited to the present needs. They therefore appointed Mr. Gould, Miss Lord and Mr. Scheible as a committee to study the card situation and to make recommendations regarding such new ones as may seem to be needed. It was also voted to continue the festival card committee, so that it might complete the series begun with the Easter card by bringing out others appropriate to the Harvest, Christmas, and Flower Sunday festivals. Thereupon the board adjourned until September.

ALBERT S.

Fourth of July Excursion Tickets via Chicago & North-Western. For details apply at City Ticket Office, 212 Clark St.

Official Route to Buffalo to B. Y. P. U. Convention.

The Illinois Baptist Young People's Union has selected the Wabash Line as the Official Route to the eighth international convention, to be held at Buffalo, July 14-17, 1898. The Chicago and Northern Illinois Special train will leave Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 2 P.M., Wednesday, July 13th, arriving at Niagara Falls next morning at 6 and Buffalo at 7 o'clock. Train will consist of Wagner sleepers and Wabash free chair cars. Write early for sleeping car reservations. For particulars, address W. L. Lindsley, Asst. Transportation leader, 1114 Monadnock Building, Chicago. Write to F. A. Palmer, A. G. P. A., 97 Adams street, for Official Folder, giving full information, maps, etc.

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N. E. A.
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The meeting of the National Educational Association at Washington, July 7-12, offers exceptional inducements to those who wish to visit the National Capital.

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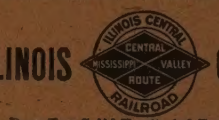

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